

LAW
BREAKERS

LAW BREAKERS

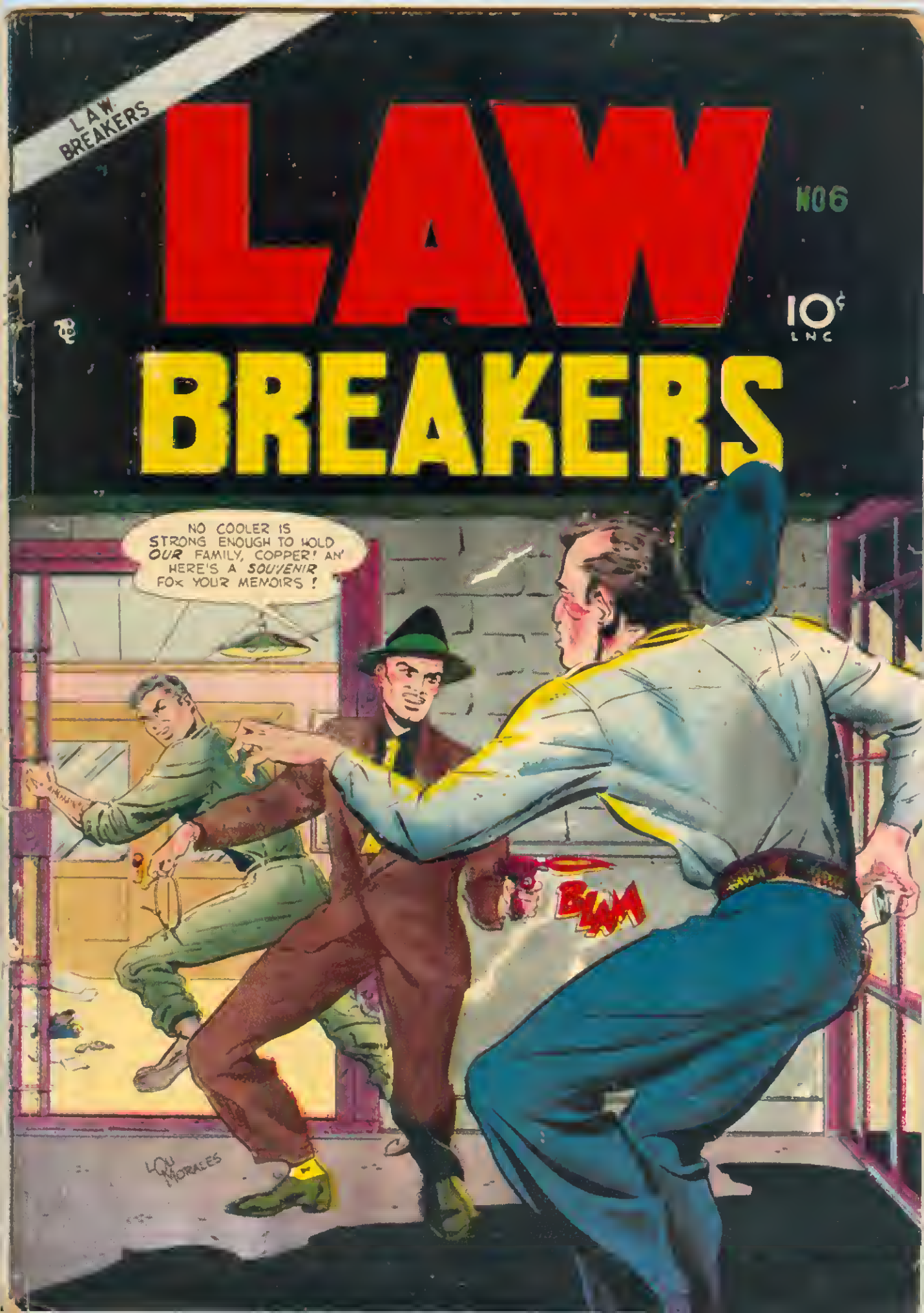
NO 6

10¢
LNC

NO COOLER IS
STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD
OUR FAMILY, COPPER! AN'
HERE'S A *SOUVENIR*
FOR YOUR MEMOIRS!

BLAM

LOU
MORALES





WEB COMIC
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CRIME FACTS

DID YOU KNOW...

THAT BY COMPARING A SAMPLE OF PAINT FROM A CAR IT IS POSSIBLE TO DETERMINE THE MAKE, YEAR, AND MODEL IT CAME FROM...



SCIENCE ALSO ENABLES ACCURATE MATCHING OF GLASS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF CRIME WITH GLASS FOUND IN THE BELONGINGS OF AN ACCUSED PERSON .. AS IN THE CASE OF A HIT AND RUN DRIVER!



THROUGH SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION, POLICE CAN DISTINGUISH HOMICIDE FROM SUICIDE BY DETERMINING THE DISTANCE FROM WHERE THE SHOT WAS FIRED. A PERSON CANNOT SHOOT HIMSELF FROM A DISTANCE FARTHER THAN 20 INCHES!

EAVESDROPPING WHILE DELIVERING ORDERS!



HMMM, SHE'LL LEAVE THE KEY UNDER THE DOORMAT.

DUSTING

A POLICE LABORATORY TECHNICIAN USES A DUSTING BRUSH ON METALLIC SURFACES SUCH AS CIGARETTE CASES, COMPACTS, CIGARETTE LIGHTERS ETC. DUST INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE IS DUSTED OFF REVEALING INCRIMINATING FINGERPRINTS ...

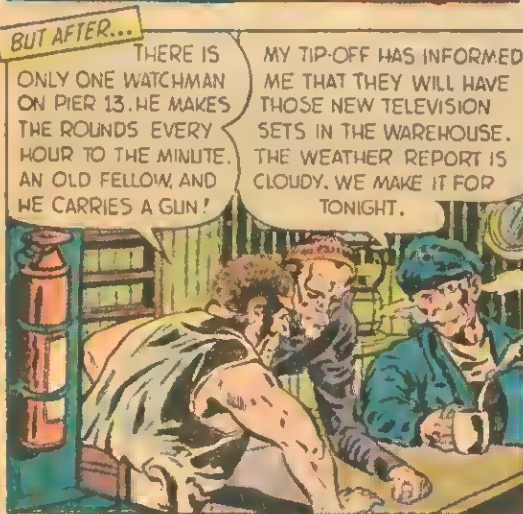


LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

ON THE DAYTIME THE THREE WHARF RATS WERE APPARENTLY HARD WORKING, HONEST MEN...



LAWBREAKERS

ONE LESS LIFE MEANT NOTHING TO THE WHARF RATS. THEY WERE KILLERS...

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE WATCHMAN! IN ONE HOUR WE OUGHT TO BE FINISHED WITH THIS JOB!

THEN WE HEAD FOR SEA AND TRANSFER THE STUFF ABOARD THAT TUG!

THAT WASN'T A TOUGH LOCK TO PICK. COULD HAVE DONE IT WITH MY EYES CLOSED!

THE CASES TO THE RIGHT ARE THE ONES WE WANT. THE MOON IS BEGINNING TO SHOW THROUGH THE CLOUDS. WE HAVE TO STEP ON IT, NOW!

THERE'S CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S BOAT! I NEVER DID LIKE THAT GUY. HE'D DOUBLE CROSS HIS OWN MOTHER FOR A DIME.

AS LONG AS HE PAYS CASH, WE LIKE HIM. IF HE TRIES ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, WE KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WE GOT A FULL LOAD THIS TIME. OUGHT TO BRING US A PRETTY PENNY.

IN TEN MINUTES WE CAST OFF! GOT TO MEET CAPTAIN HENDERSON AND HIS TUG. WE'LL HAVE TO GO AT FULL SPEED!

HANDLE WITH CARE

COME ON BOARD, YOU TWO. THIS IS THE PAY OFF. AND CAPTAIN HENDERSON WANTS TO SEE US IN HIS CABIN. IT BETTER BE IN CASH IF CAPTAIN HENDERSON KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIM!

ONLY A FOOL CAN SAY THERE IS HONOR AMONG THIEVES...

I DON'T OWE YOU FELLOWS A CENT! THIS IS THE LAST JOB YOU CROOKS ARE DOING FOR ME.

DON'T GO FOR THAT GUN, YOU FOOL. YOU CAN'T TRY ANY OF THAT STUFF ON US AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

LAWBREAKERS



WANT TO PLAY AROUND WITH US? SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS BLADE IN YOUR BODY.

WE GOT TO GET THE REST OF THE CREW BEFORE THEY GET US! HE HAS A MATE AND TWO OTHER MEN ON THIS TUG.



YOU, YOU TAKE CARE OF THE MATE AND I'LL FINISH OFF THE OTHER TWO MEN!

GUESS MY KNIFE NEEDS A REST, TOOK CARE OF TWO MEN TONIGHT. I'LL WATCH HOW YOU FINISH THEM OFF!



YOU FELLOWS WANTED TO CHEAT US OUT OF OUR DOUGH... ONLY ONE WAY TO TAKE CARE OF CROOKS LIKE YOU!

WHAT'S THE MATTER... THAT GUN... UGH... I'M SHOT...



THIS FINISHES OFF THE ENTIRE GANG. THEY GOT JUST WHAT THEY DESERVED. HENDERSON WAS ONE BIG FOOL!

I COULD HAVE KILLED THEM WITH MY KNIFE. AND WITH LESS NOISE AND BLOOD!



HE WANTED OUR TELEVISION SETS AND THE CASH, TOO. THE CASH WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD WHERE HE'S GONE NOW!

NEITHER WILL THE TELEVISIONS HELP HIM. SO WE GOT TO LOAD UP OUR BOAT BY OURSELVES.



SEEMS TO ME WE OUGHT TO HAVE AN ARRANGEMENT LIKE THIS ON OUR BOAT. MAKES THE LOADING MUCH EASIER!

NOW DON'T TELL ME YOU FELLOWS ARE AFRAID OF HARD WORK. RUNNING A FISHING BOAT MAY BE HARD BUT NOT THIS!



THE WHARF RATS CAN REALLY BE TOUGH BOYS WHEN THE OCCASION CALLS FOR IT...

WELL, THAT TUG JOINS THE REST OF THE BOATS IN THE PLACE CALLED "DAVY JONES' LOCKER"!

THEY GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO THEM! STUPID FOOLS! THOUGHT THEY COULD BEAT US AT OUR OWN GAME!

LAWBREAKERS

BACK ON LAND, GUIRE TAKES STEPS TO UNLOAD THOSE SETS...



THAT YOU, CARL? THIS IS HEFTY GUIRE SPEAKING. CAN YOU USE SOME NEW TELEVISION SETS? GOT A GOOD DEAL FOR YOU. WE'LL DELIVER THEM TOMORROW EVENING ABOUT EIGHT.

CARL IS A GOOD FENCE, BUT HE HAS A RECORD AND THE COPS CHECK UP ON HIM NOW AND THEN!

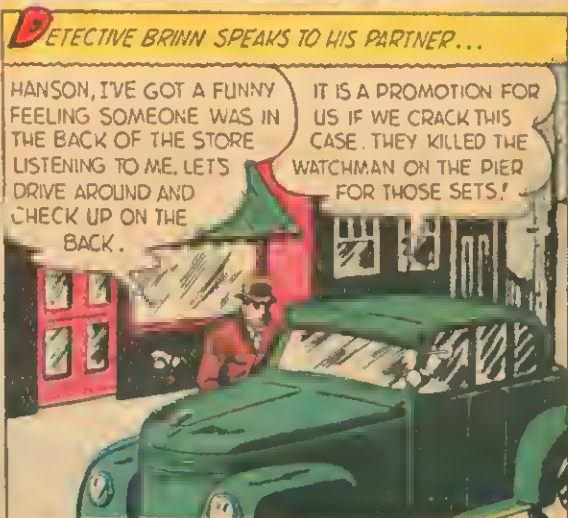
I REALLY GOT A GOOD DEAL FOR YOU, CARL, AND NO ARGUING ABOUT THE PRICE. NAME YOUR OWN TERMS. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, BUT I ALREADY COLLECTED FOR THEM.

YOU KNOW I'LL DO RIGHT BY YOU BOYS. GOT A FRIEND OUT IN CHICAGO WHO WILL BUY ALL OF THEM!



I'M DETECTIVE MAX BRINN OF THE LOFT AND BURGLARY SQUAD. I WANT YOU TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT IN CASE SOMEONE OFFERS TO SELL YOU CERTAIN TELEVISION SETS!

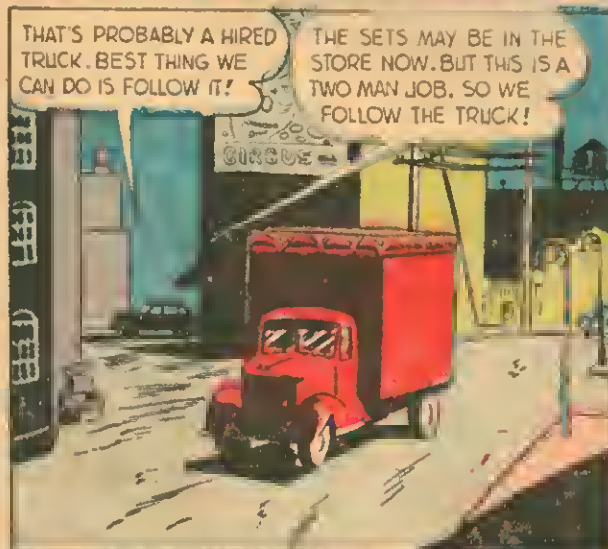
GIVE ME THE BRAND NAME AND ALSO THE SERIAL NUMBERS. YOU KNOW I ONLY BUY FROM HONEST AND RESPECTABLE PEOPLE.



DETECTIVE BRINN SPEAKS TO HIS PARTNER...

HANSON, I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING SOMEONE WAS IN THE BACK OF THE STORE LISTENING TO ME. LET'S DRIVE AROUND AND CHECK UP ON THE BACK.

IT IS A PROMOTION FOR US IF WE CRACK THIS CASE. THEY KILLED THE WATCHMAN ON THE PIER FOR THOSE SETS!



THAT'S PROBABLY A HIRED TRUCK. BEST THING WE CAN DO IS FOLLOW IT!

THE SETS MAY BE IN THE TRUCK NOW. BUT THIS IS A TWO MAN JOB. SO WE FOLLOW THE TRUCK!



THAT CAR WAS FOLLOWING US. PROBABLY FLATFOOTS. SO WE'LL LEAD THEM RIGHT INTO A TRAP.

I'LL PUT THE TRUCK IN THE BACK AND MEET YOU IN THE HOUSE!

LAWBREAKERS

THEY MAY START SHOOTING AS SOON AS WE ENTER! WE'LL HAVE TO DASH IN WITH GUNS READY!

THOSE FELLOWS ARE KILLERS. AND ONE OF THEM IS A KNIFE BOY! HE DID THE JOB ON THE WATCHMAN!



GUS...I'M FALLING... THE FLOOR IS GOING DOWN... HELP ME!

I'M FALLING WITH YOU... WE WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP... HELP!



I CAN JUST MANAGE TO KEEP MY HEAD OUT OF THIS WATER. NEED ANY HELP, GUS?

WE LOST OUR GUNS WHEN WE FELL. THE WATER IS JUST UP TO MY CHIN. WHAT CHUMPS WE WERE TO FALL INTO THIS!



GUIRE KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO KILL THE TWO COPS...

HORE YOU FELLOWS DONT MIND THE SWIMMING POOL I GOT DOWN THERE. WE'LL TAKE YOU OUT WHEN WE ARE READY.

AND DONT FORGET TO TELL THEM WE KNOW WHERE SOME HUNGRY SHARKS WOULD LIKE A GOOD MEAL! ESPECIALLY TWO DETECTIVES!



WE'LL CARRY THEM DOWN INTO THE CABIN AND DUMP THEM BOTH OUT AT SEA. THE SHARKS WILL HAVE A FEAST!

I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO CARVE THEM BOTH UP WITH MY KNIFE. BUT I GUESS WE DON'T WANT ANY DEAD BODIES AROUND!



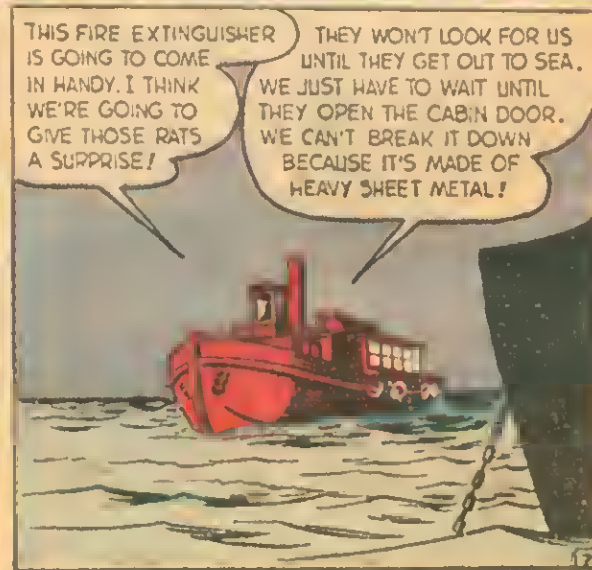
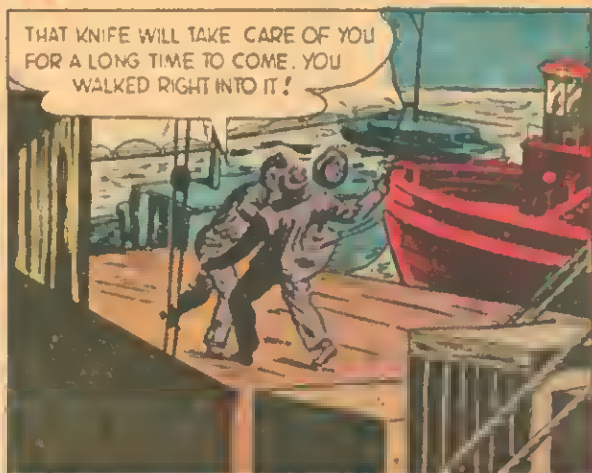
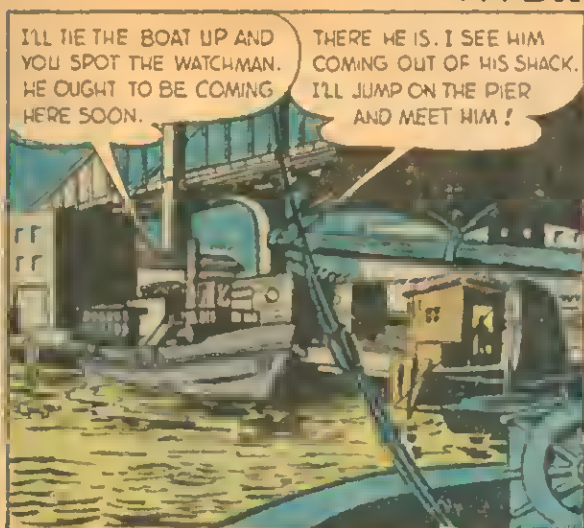
SLIM AND HIS KNIFE ALWAYS GIVE ME THE SHIVERS. SUPPOSE HE GOT THE IDEA OF STICKING IT INTO MY RIBS ONE DAY?

YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, LOU! WE'RE BOTH GUNMEN, NOT KNIFE BOYS. HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS...



LAWBREAKERS

Again SLIM'S MURDEROUS BLADE GETS A VICTIM...



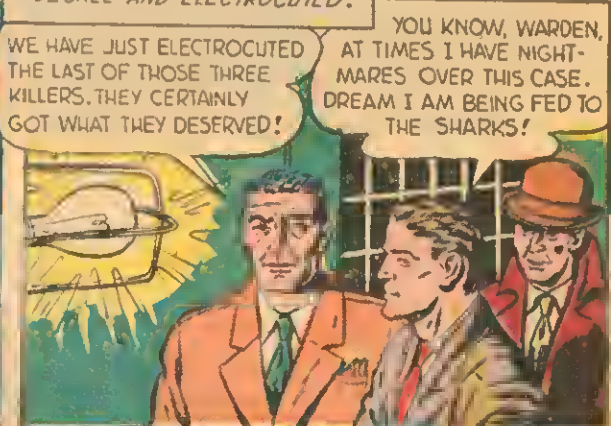
LAWBREAKERS



THE TWO DETECTIVES WENT INTO ACTION. THEIR LIVES WERE AT STAKE...



AND SO THE THREE WHARF RATS PAID THE EXTREME PENALTY. FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE AND ELECTROCUTED.

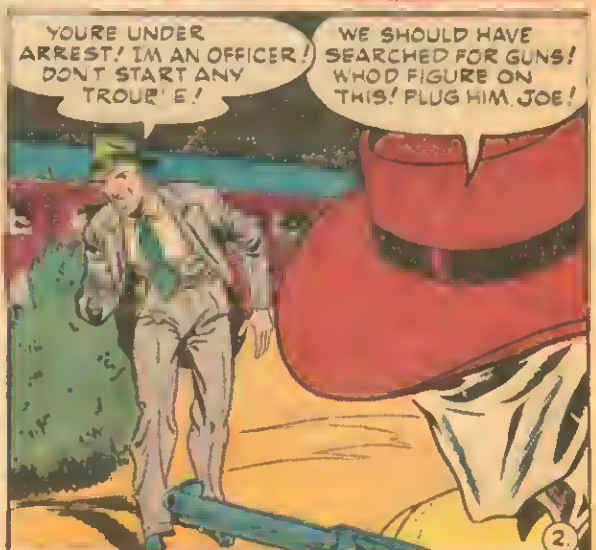
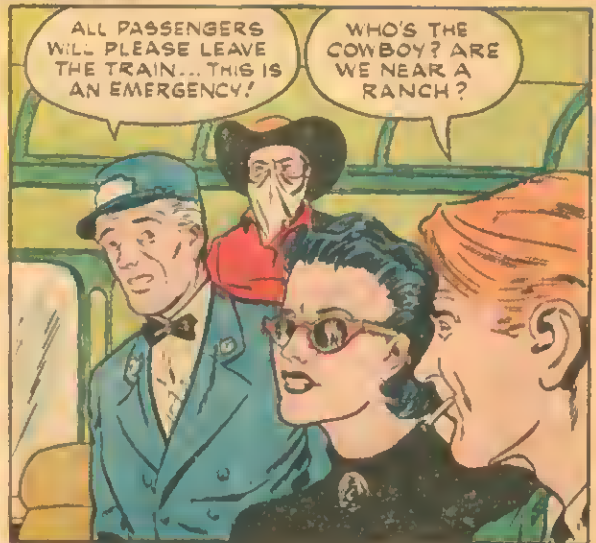


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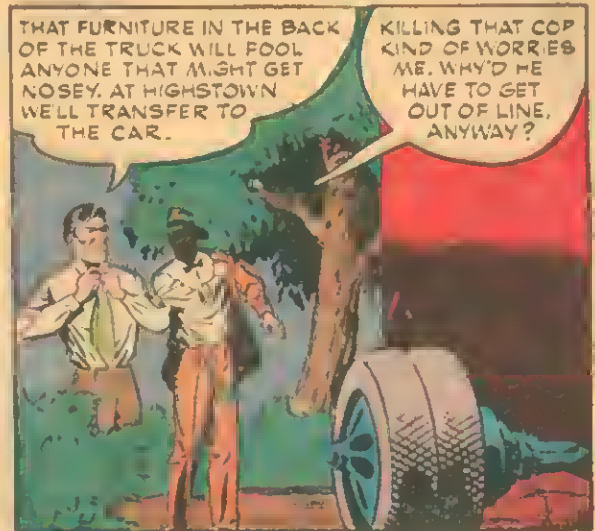
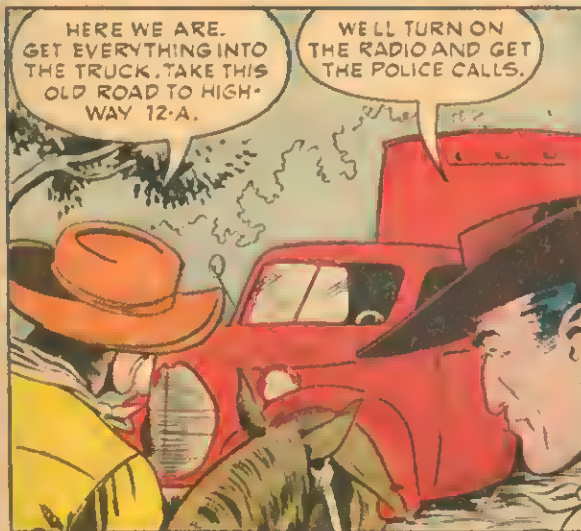
THE MASQUERADE MURDERS



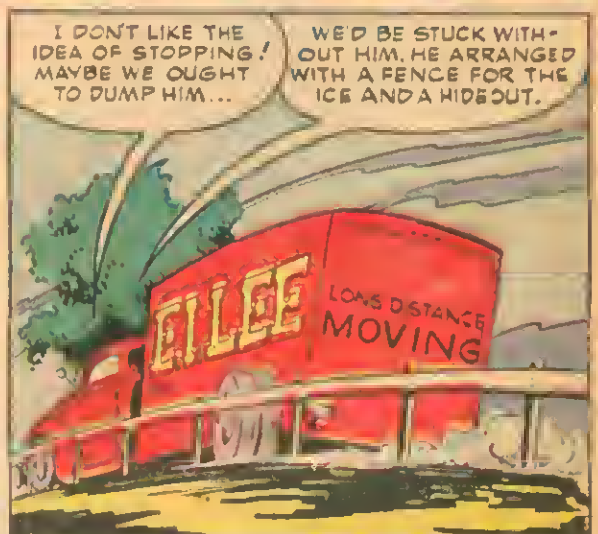
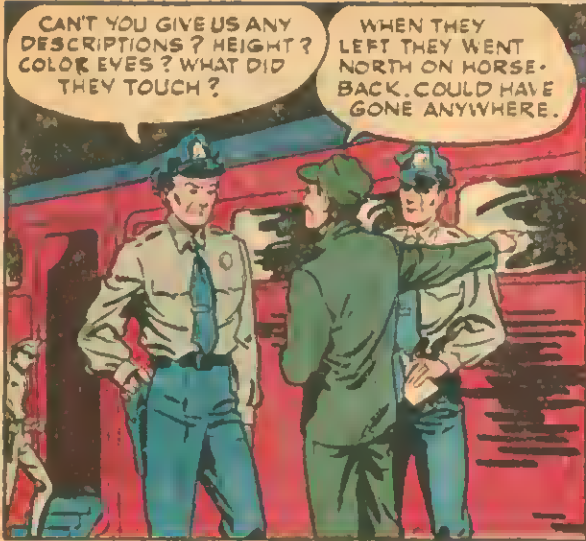
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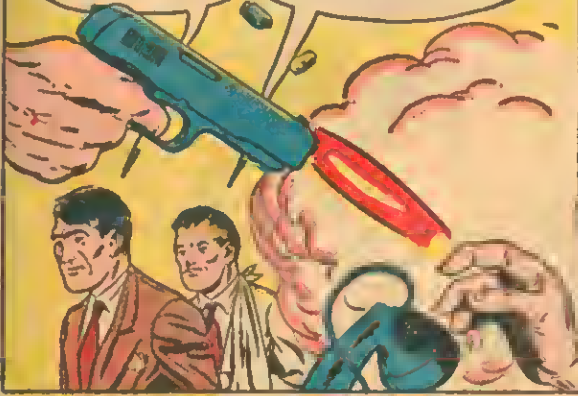


LAWBREAKERS

AND ANOTHER VICTIM WAS CHALKED UP TO THE TRIO WHO HAD INTENDED "ONLY TO STEAL"...

SOMEONE MAY HEAR THAT... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THAT INJECTION EASED THE PAIN, FEELS BETTER NOW...



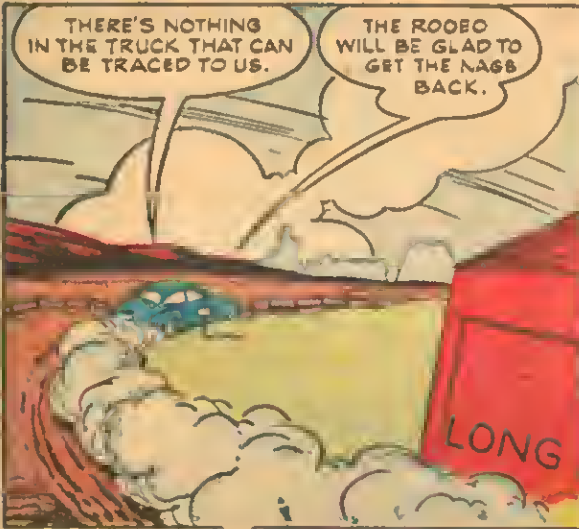
LET'S TAKE THE DOC'S CAR. IT LOOKS FAST. JOE, GO BACK AND GET HIS KEYS.

WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON IT TONIGHT. CAN'T TRAVEL LONG IN A STOLEN CAR...



THERE'S NOTHING IN THE TRUCK THAT CAN BE TRACED TO US.

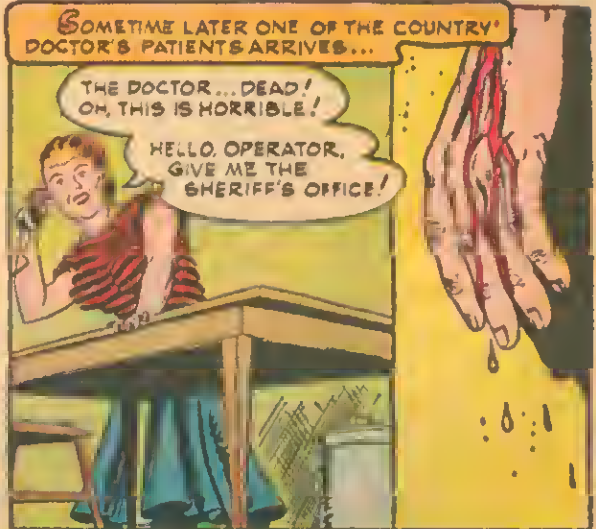
THE ROBOO WILL BE GLAD TO GET THE NAGS BACK.



SOMETIME LATER ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S DOCTOR'S PATIENTS ARRIVES...

THE DOCTOR... DEAD! OH, THIS IS HORRIBLE!

HELLO, OPERATOR, GIVE ME THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!



LATER...

THANKS FOR CALLING, MRS. PETERSON.

TO THINK... A KILLER IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! YOU MUST GET HIM, SHERIFF!



MUST HAVE BEEN THE SAME THREE RATS WHO HELD UP THAT TRAIN THIS MORNING.

YES, ONE OF THEM WAS WOUNDED, TOO. HE MUST HAVE HAD DOCTOR LARSON TREAT HIM. I SUPPOSE THEY TRIED TO KEEP HIM FROM MAKING A REPORT TO US.



LAWBREAKERS

GET BACK TO THE OFFICE AND GET OUT A SEVEN STATE ALERT ON THEM. AND NOTIFY THE GOVERNMENT MEN. THAT WAS A FEDERAL AGENT THEY SHOT THIS MORNING. THEY'LL BE WANTING THESE GUYS, BAD!



AND ON A HIGHWAY SEVERAL MILES AWAY...

STOLEN CAR, SEDAN RED. LICENCE NUMBER XA-46-P. CARRIES M.D. TAG. APPROACH WITH CAUTION. THESE MEN WANTED FOR MURDER.

LET'S GET RID OF THIS HEAP.

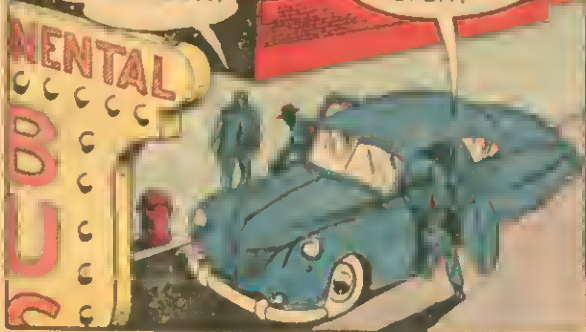
KEEP YOUR COAT OVER THAT WOUNDED ARM.



DRIVEN BY THE FEAR THAT THEY WERE KNOWN TO AUTHORITIES. THE KILLERS ABANDONED THEIR STOLEN AUTO AND BOUGHT TICKETS ABOARD A CROSS COUNTRY BUS TO CONTINUE THEIR FLIGHT FROM JUSTICE...

IF ANYONE SAW US LEAVING THAT DOCTOR'S HOUSE...

SKIP IT. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



THREE TO WATERSBURY, ONE WAY...

SIX SEVENTY TWO, S.R. HEAR ABOUT THE TRAIN HOLDUP THIS MORNING?



MAYBE WE OUGHT TO SPLIT UP THE CASH AND GET RID OF THIS ICE, AND TAKE OFF IN SEPARATE DIRECTIONS

NUTS TO THAT! THREE GUNS ARE BETTER THAN ONE IF THERE'S ANY TROUBLE!



I GOT A FUNNY FEELING WERE IN FOR IT...

SHUT UP WILL YOU? HOW COULD THEY KNOW WHO TO LOOK FOR? WE'LL MAKE IT.



LAWBREAKERS



ART ANDERSON

AUTOMOBILE DETECTIVE

John Bryant was not the kind of a man to ever admit that the odds were against him. At the age of twenty he had driven a two-ton truck around the country looking for any kind of work for himself and car. And today, at the age of forty-five he was head of the Bryant Trucking Service. His big heavy trucks could burn up the roads with any kind of freight at any kind of speed. His motto was simple and to the point. "We carry anything, anywhere, anytime."

He was a big powerful man with piercing brown eyes and his black hair was just beginning to show a tinge of gray. Yet there was a worried look on his face as he sat in his private office. His young nephew, Frank Bryant, opened the door and announced, "There's a Mr. Art Anderson to see you. Says you sent for him and that's all he had to say. Is he a salesman trying a gag to see you or do you want him shown in?"

"Send him in, Frank, and then see that I'm not disturbed until I call you on the intercom." The nephew left the office and went into the waiting room. A tall, powerfully built young man, probably in his late thirties, with receding blond hair and pale blue eyes, was seated in a chair. "Mr. Bryant will see you now." He arose and entered the private office. Without being asked, he slumped into the nearest chair. "What's on your mind?" was all the young man asked.

"They tell me that when it comes to any kind of a case involving automobiles, you are the best private eye in the business. Captain Henderson of the Burglary and Loft Squad recommended you highly. I got a problem and see if you can solve it."

"Just give me the facts," said Art Anderson, "and then I can decide whether or not it's the type of case I handle. It may be of such a nature that you will have to either consult the local police authorities or the Federals before I can step in and take charge."

Bryant nodded his head in the negative. "I've already consulted the authorities and they got nowhere fast. In the last three months three of

my trucks have vanished. Not a trace of the trucks, the drivers, or the cargo they were carrying. Each truck had the regular two men. All those six men have been with me for more than ten years; my best men, and they have families. I want you to find those men if they are alive."

Art was wide awake. "That sounds sort of big and noble, Mr. Bryant. You are worrying about the men. Did you carry insurance on the trucks and on the cargo and what kind of goods were those trucks carrying?"

"There's nothing to conceal," was the answer. "Each truck carries complete insurance. So I won't lose a cent in regard to the trucks. And of course every cargo is insured. The first truck carried some of the newer drugs used to fight infection. The second truck had a load of cameras. And the last truck had radar equipment. Can you figure out who would steal all that and why?"

Art arose from his seat. He was restless and his mind was trying to figure out how to handle an impossible case; one without a clue. "I assume you think a truck you are soon going to send out will be prey for some kind of mysterious hijackers and you want me to be on that truck." For the first time in months, there was a smile on John Bryant's face. "Good guess," he complimented. "And as a matter of fact I'm going to drive that truck and you are going to be my helper. It will be a cargo of optical machines. The truck leaves tomorrow evening at 8.15 so be ready."

Bill Marsden, the dispatcher, handed his boss his checking sheet. The truck is completely loaded. What route are you going to take? Use highway 12 until you get to Wilson's Circle and then drive on 23A? Or will you go over the bridge and use the turnpike?" There was no answer from John Bryant as he opened the door and got behind the wheel. A minute later he was followed by Art Anderson who sat right next to him. There was something different about Anderson and Bryant spotted it at once. He was wearing a hearing aid. "I didn't know

you had ear trouble," he remarked. "In my office you seemed to hear everything I said. Or were you reading my lips."

Art smiled. "I can hear every word you say now very clearly. I need this hearing aid. Don't let it bother you. Let's go unless there is anything on your mind." Bryant stepped on the starter and soon the giant truck was on its way. For half an hour not a word was spoken. Then Art broke the silence. "You don't trust your dispatcher, do you?" And then when he received no reply, he answered his own question. "Guess you really don't trust him. He's the one to make out the route you take. You didn't tell him a thing. You're not headed for the turnpike or Wilson's Circle. Seems to me you are going to take the old shore road."

For the next two hours the truck continued on to its destination. One thing was certain. They weren't being followed. Yet there was a feeling in the cab of uneasiness. Art let what was on his mind get to his tongue. "You didn't get to be head of this trucking outfit by just being dumb. You must have figured out somehow that this truck was going to be next on your list. And how? I think I can tell you. Its been going through my brain all the time. The truck stopped for a light. Not another car in sight. Art opened his mouth to continue speaking. And then he reeled over on the seat. His eyes closed and there was darkness.

When he recovered consciousness he was in a dimly lit room. His hands and feet were tied. He was on the floor and there was dampness in the room. Next to him, also bound, was John Bryant. However their mouths were not gagged. "How in the name of blazes did we ever get here?" asked Bryant. "We must be someplace underground." Art's hearing aid was still in place. "Not hard to figure out," was his reply. "We were gassed. Since we stopped for a light, it isn't hard to figure out what must have taken place. Someone was concealed in the truck. He carried a gas gun and fired a cartridge through the panel opening. Then he got out of that truck somehow and got behind the wheel and here we are."

Suddenly the two men became aware of the presence of a third man who was standing nearby. "Good reasoning," uttered a strange voice.

Now you fellows have brains. Not that it will do you any good. And while you are trying to show how smart you are, what else have you figured out? Hit the jackpot and I'll see you get a good breakfast with real hot coffee and some rolls. Art laughed. "We're not going to stay here very long. Want to bet we are out of here within half an hour. Come over here and I'll

tell you why." They say curiosity killed a cat. It ruined this particular thug. He walked closer to Art and then a fist sent him to dream land. A puzzled John Bryant watched his detective frisk the unconscious man and take a .38 from a shoulder holster.

"But a minute ago you were bound hand and foot just like me. What happened?" Art pointed to a large diamond ring on his hand. "The side of this ring has a concealed fine blade. I cut through my bonds while talking. Now wait a minute and you'll be free." Sixty seconds later John Bryant followed Art Anderson through a small door into another room. There were six bound men in that room, all the drivers and their helpers. Quickly they were released from their bonds. The men looked haggard and feeble. Pete Slawson, one of the drivers, talked. "I've been here for two months. It's a wonder they didn't kill us. We were all gassed in our trucks and that's all I know."

"Drop that gun, Mr. Anderson," a sharp curt voice ordered. A man with a complete mask over his face had stepped into the room holding a tommy gun in one hand. Art had to think quickly. He might get in a lucky shot but certainly the masked man would kill some of those in the room. He let the gun fall to the floor and then laughed. "This place is entirely surrounded. You haven't a chance in a million to escape."

"Very dramatic," conceded the masked man. "Just like in a fiction story where the hero wants to get the villain to turn around so he can grab the gun." There was a slight crash as a gunbutt hit the head of the masked man and he slumped to the floor. Captain Henderson of the Burglary and Loft Squad looked at the man on the floor and then removed the mask. He was none other than Frank Bryant!

Art Anderson looked with satisfaction at the check Mr. John Bryant had given him. "Too bad your nephew had to get mixed up with that black market gang. Stealing vital items to smuggle into the countries behind the Iron Curtain."

The head of the trucking firm wanted to know one thing. "How did the police and federal boys find that abandoned quarry. My nephew confessed how he would get a man into a box and then placed that box in the truck. But wonder of wonders, what did you do?" Art smiled. "That hearing aid of mine was really a broadcasting unit. We were in constant touch with Captain Henderson and his car was equipped with the apparatus to locate my little broadcasting station."

(The End)

LAWBREAKERS

DEATH BY GAS!

EVERY CRIMINAL MAKES A MISTAKE. HE WANTS TO COMMIT A PERFECT CRIME. IF THE LAW IS CAREFUL AND DILIGENT IT CAN ALWAYS GET ITS MAN.

MISS DELANEY, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL THEM ABOUT ARNOLD LEE AND HIS WIFE.

?

MATCH WITS WITH FRANCES DELANEY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IN THE CASE OF **DEATH BY GAS**. HER BODYGUARD, PATROLMAN JAMES RILEY WILL BE PRESENT.

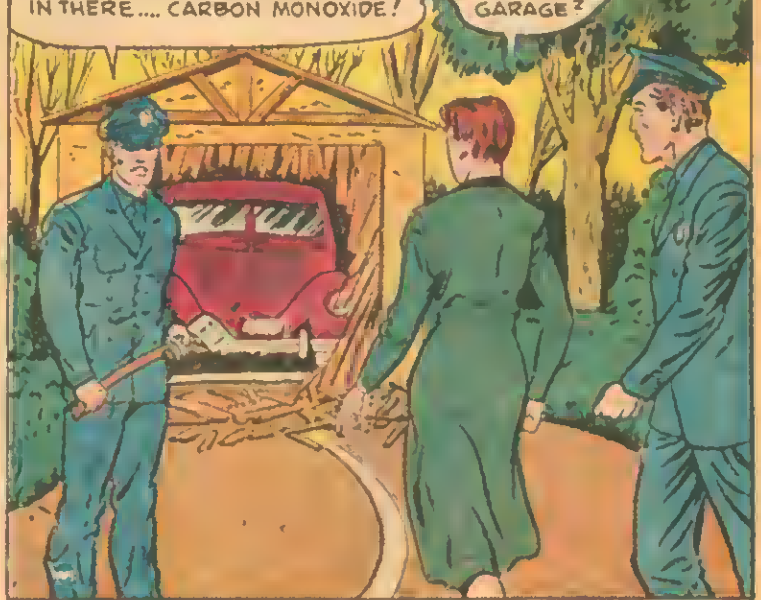
Tyler
&
Giordano

I'M WANTED AT 2379 SPRING AVENUE. AN APPARENT SUICIDE, RILEY. BETTER DRIVE ME THERE AT ONCE!

YES, MISS DELANEY!

OH, HELLO, MISS DELANEY! WE HAD TO BREAK THIS DOOR DOWN. IT WAS LOCKED. THERE'S A DEAD WOMAN IN THERE.... CARBON MONOXIDE!

YOU SAY THE BODY IS STILL IN THE GARAGE?



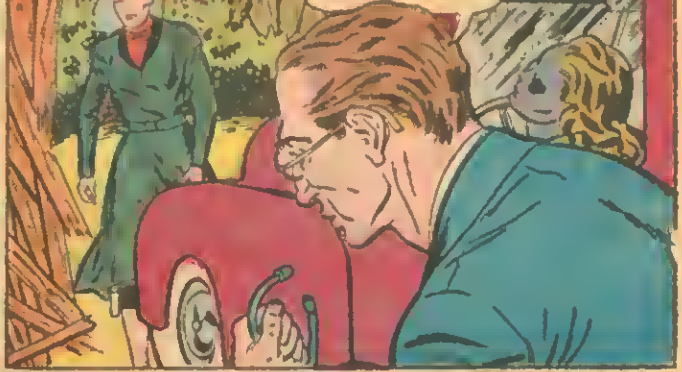
LAWBREAKERS

MY DOOR HELEN! TO THINK SHE **WOULD** TAKE HER OWN LIFE! (SOB...) SHE WAS SUCH A WONDERFUL WOMAN, MISS DELANEY, BUT SHE WAS DESPONDENT. SHE THREATENED TO KILL HERSELF MANY TIMES!

PLEASE RETURN TO THE HOUSE, MR LEE. I WILL TALK TO YOU JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH EXAMINING THE SCENE!

WHAT'S THE REPORT, DR. WINSTON? ANY SIGN OF FORCE OR VIOLENCE ON THE BODY?

NONE, MISS DELANEY! FROM WHAT I CAN MAKE OUT, MRS. LEE DIED OF CARBON MONOXIDE FUMES. LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE, THOUGH... SHE OBVIOUSLY WASN'T GOING ANYWHERE IN HER PAJAMA'S...



SAY, MISS DELANEY, I JUST LEARNED THE LEE'S HAVE A CHAUFFEUR... AND HE HATED MRS. LEE FOR ACCUSING HIM OF THEFT. IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM, I'VE GOT HIM RIGHT OUTSIDE!

I'D LIKE TO ASK HIM HOW COME THE GARAGE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE WHILE MRS LEE DIED OF FUMES **INSIDE**, RILEY!

IT'S TRUE! I HATED MRS. LEE... BUT I DIDN'T KILL HER! WHY DON'T YOU ACCUSE MR. LEE? HE HATED HER, TOO!

NO ONE IS ACCUSING YOU! I'M JUST TRYING TO GET THE FACTS! AND I THINK I WILL TALK TO MR. LEE...

MRS. KANE, NEXT DOOR, CAN TELL YOU MY WIFE ALWAYS SAID SHE WAS GOING TO KILL HERSELF.

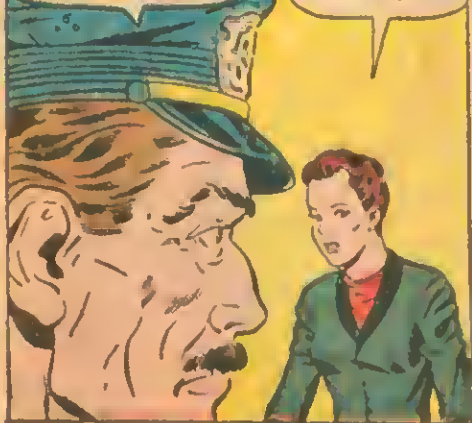
THERE'S SOMETHING THAT BOTHERS ME ABOUT THIS CASE, MR. LEE, I'M GOING OUT TO THE GARAGE AGAIN.



I CAN TELL BY THE WAY YOU LOOK, YOU'VE GOT THIS CASE SOLVED, MISS DELANEY. IT WAS MURDER AND NOT A SUICIDE, WASN'T IT?

YES, RILEY... A COLD DELIBERATE **MURDER**! I HAVE ALL THE EVIDENCE, NOW!

IF YOU HAVE NOT ALREADY SOLVED THIS CRIME, TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE ANSWER!



ARREST MR LEE, RILEY! HE ASPIRATED HIS WIFE WHILE SHE WAS SLEEPING IN BED, BY RUNNING THE EXHAUST FUMES INTO HER ROOM FROM THE GARAGE... WITH THIS HOSE! I SUSPECTED HIM THE MOMENT I STEPPED INTO THE HOUSE AND CAUGHT THE AROMA!

LAWBREAKERS

THE MONEY MACHINE

PROFESSOR GEORGE DOWNIE, THE FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST, IS GOING TO EXPOSE A SERIES OF FRAUDS. HERE IS ONE OF THE SLICKEST EVER USED TO GET MONEY OUT OF THE OTHER FELLOWS' WALLET AND BANK ACCOUNT.

BARNUM ONCE SAID THERE WAS A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE. AND IT SEEMS THAT THERE ARE TWO CROOKS BORN EVERY MINUTE TO TAKE OVER THAT SUCKER. THIS EVENING I WILL EXPOSE THE MONEY MACHINE.



MEET
MR.
AND
MRS.
HENRY
OROK--
CON-
ARTISTS
DE LUXE

IF WE PLAN ON A VACATION LIKE THIS NEXT YEAR, WE'D BETTER GET BUSY ON OUR NEXT SUCKER.

THIS IS THE LIFE! ESPECIALLY WHEN THE OTHER FELLOW PAYS OUR BILLS.



EVERYTHING IS PACKED, DEAR. I DIDN'T OVER-LOOK A THING THIS TIME.

AH, MY SWEET, JUST GAZE UPON THIS MONEY MACHINE. IT WILL HAVE TO GET US LOTS OF MONEY. WE HAVE EXPENSIVE TASTES.



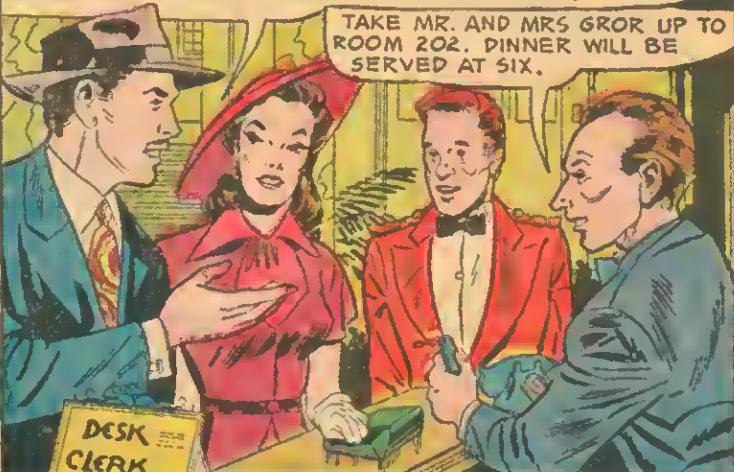
LAWBREAKERS

LATER... AT A DISTANT TOWN...

WE'VE NEVER VISITED THIS PLACE, I'LL BET. KINDA TIRED. THEY HAVE SOME JUST NOW ANY LOOSE CASH AROUND PLACE WILL DO VERY NICELY THANK YOU!



I WANT THE BEST SUITE IN THIS HOTEL, FOR AN INDEFINITE STAY. IF I LIKE THE TOWN I MAY LOCATE HERE.



TAKE MR. AND MRS. GROR UP TO ROOM 202. DINNER WILL BE SERVED AT SIX.

DESK CLERK

YOU VISIT THE LOCAL BEAUTY SHOP AND KEEP YOUR EARS AND EYES OPEN.

I ASSUME YOU WILL VISIT THE LOCAL BANKER AND START THINGS HUMMING.



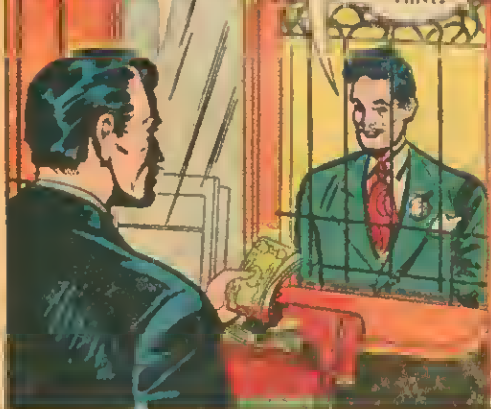
YOU MUST MEET MRS. KATHERINE VAN SLAG. WIFE OF ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE COUNTY, AND ONE OF MY STEADY CUSTOMERS. SHE'S GOT REAL CLASS.

OUCH—MY DEAR, THAT TOWEL IS A LITTLE TOO HOT FOR COMFORT!



I WANT TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT IN THIS BANK. A LARGE ONE. WHOM DO I SEE?

MR. FREDERICK TOWNSEND OUR PRESIDENT IS IN HIS OFFICE. I WILL TAKE YOU IN TO SEE HIM.



IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU OPEN YOUR ACCOUNT WITH US. APPARENTLY YOU LIKE ONLY NEW BILLS.

ALL MY MONEY IS NEW. PEOPLE EVEN SAY I MAKE IT MYSELF.



WATCH HOW THIS NEW MONEY IS THE BAIT FOR THE SUCKER.

LAWBREAKERS

WHO IS YOUR BEST REAL ESTATE MAN? I WANT TO LOOK OVER SOME PROPERTY AS AN INVESTMENT.

WILLIAM.. MUMFORD ON MAIN STREET. I WILL CALL HIM AND TELL HIM YOU'LL BE OVER TO SEE HIM.



THIS LOOKS SUITABLE FOR WHAT I HAD IN MIND I CAN BUILD A MODERN FACTORY ON THIS LAND.

IT IS OWNED BY MR. VAN SLAG I AM CERTAIN HE WILL SELL IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT.



AT A NIGHTCLUB...

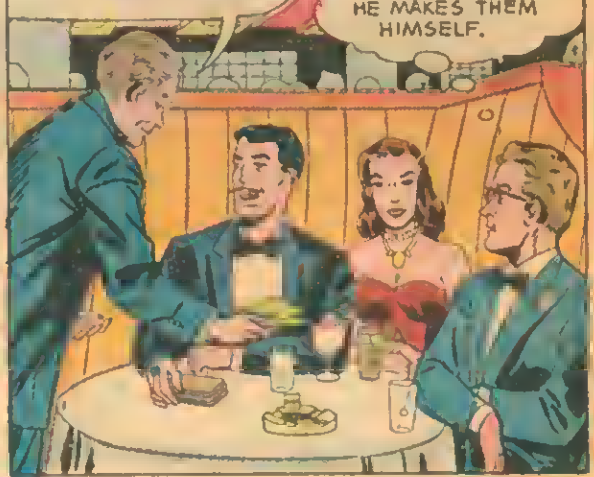
IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TWO TO INVITE A LONELY MAN OUT FOR AN EVENING.

IF MY PLANS WORK OUT YOU WILL BE ONE OF THE TOP MEN IN MY ORGANIZATION.



OH, THANK YOU FOR THAT LARGE TIP, SIR.

ALL NEW BILLS, YOU WOULD THINK HE MAKES THEM HIMSELF.



I WILL NEED AN EXTRA CAR FOR MYSELF, DEAR, WHILE YOU ARE USING THE OTHER ONE.

I'LL TAKE THIS ONE AND PAY YOU RIGHT NOW.

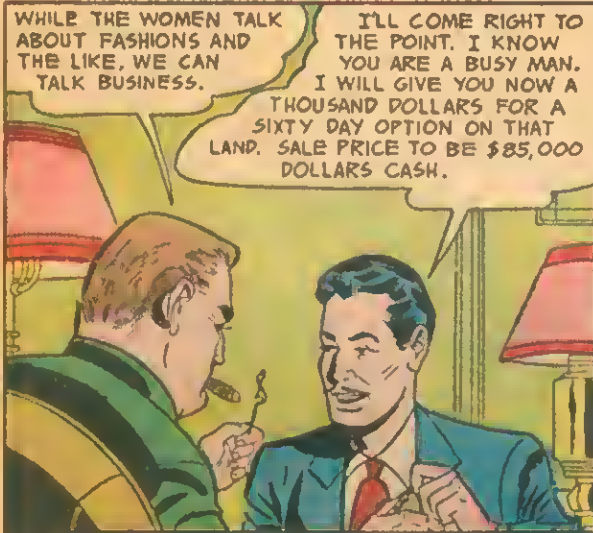
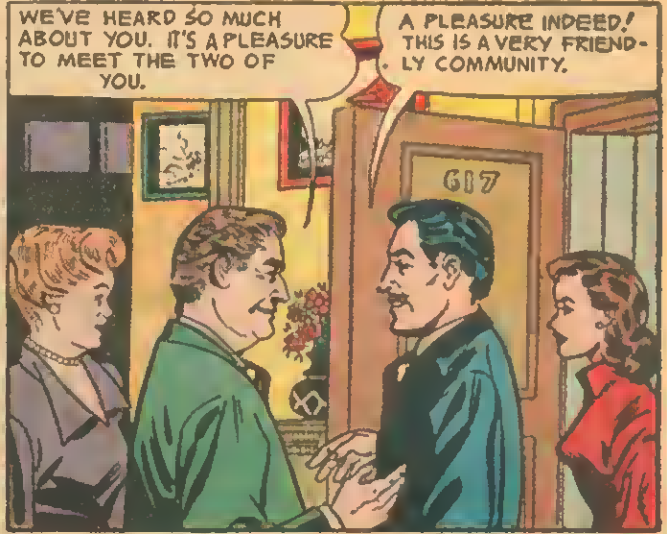


CORRECT AMOUNT, MR. GROR. YOU MUST LIKE NEW BILLS.

I'LL BET HE MAKES THEM HIMSELF. OR HE HAS A PRIVATE KEY TO THE TREASURY.

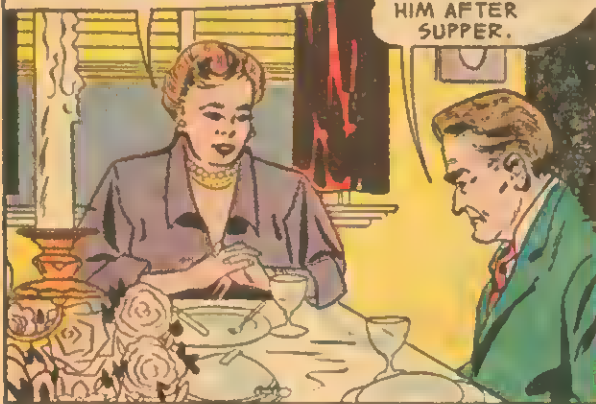


LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

I AM CERTAIN THAT MR. GROR HASN'T A MAGIC LAMP OR A GENIE TO CREATE THAT NEW MONEY. MAYBE IT IS A PHOBIA. HE HATES GERMS.



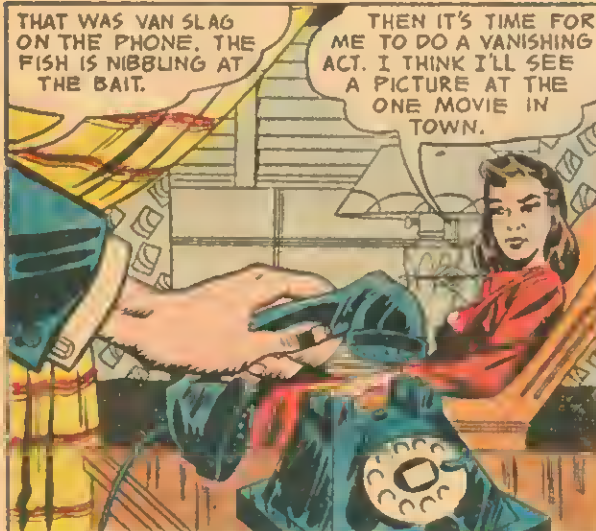
I MUST ADMIT I AM MORE THAN CURIOUS. IN FACT I AM GOING TO PHONE HIM AFTER SUPPER.

MR. GROR? THIS IS MR. VAN SLAG CALLING. PERHAPS IT SOUNDS CHILDISH, BUT I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT YOUR MONEY.



WHEN MY HUSBAND WANTS TO DO SOMETHING HE DOES IT. I AM CURIOUS MYSELF BUT WON'T ADMIT IT.

THAT WAS VAN SLAG ON THE PHONE. THE FISH IS NIBBLING AT THE BAIT.



THEN IT'S TIME FOR ME TO DO A VANISHING ACT. I THINK I'LL SEE A PICTURE AT THE ONE MOVIE IN TOWN.

I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M NOSEY? BUT I WONDER IF YOU WOULD TELL ME WHY YOU HAVE ONLY NEW BILLS?



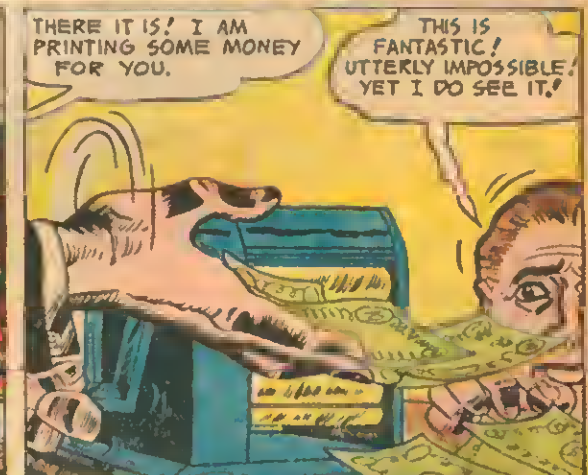
IF YOU SWEAR NOT TO TELL A SOUL--THEN I'LL TELL YOU MY SECRET.

I HAVE A SECRET MONEY MACHINE WHICH PRINTS ALL THE CASH I NEED. THERE IT IS ON THE TABLE.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THIS IS JUST A FRIENDLY LITTLE JOKE OF YOURS.

THERE IT IS! I AM PRINTING SOME MONEY FOR YOU.



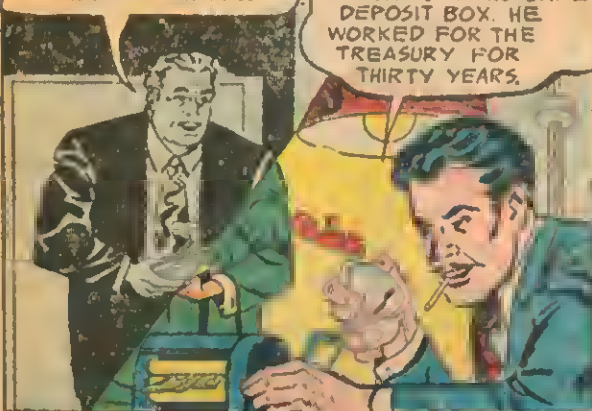
THIS IS FANTASTIC! UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE! YET I DO SEE IT!

THE SUCKER IS GETTING SET FOR THE BIG KILL.

LAWBREAKERS

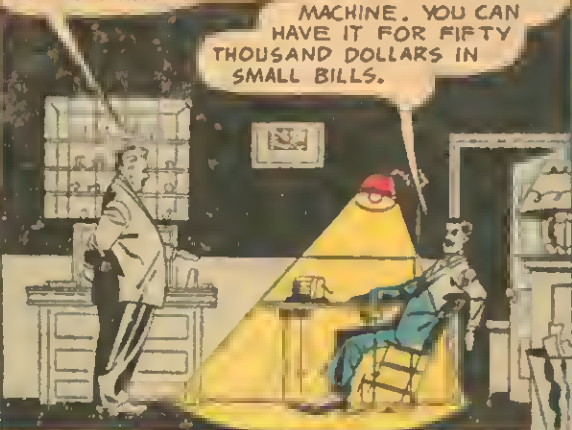
BUT WHERE DID YOU GET THE PLATES TO PRINT SUCH PERFECT SPECIMENS? I KNOW THEY WILL PASS AS THE REAL MONEY.

MY UNCLE WAS AN ENGRAVER. WHEN HE DIED I FOUND TWO SETS OF PLATES IN HIS SAFE DEPOSIT BOX. HE WORKED FOR THE TREASURY FOR THIRTY YEARS.



IF YOU COULD ONLY SELL ME THAT MACHINE, TO PRINT MY OWN REAL MONEY. NO END TO MY WEALTH!

IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE AN EXTRA MACHINE. YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS.



WELL, HERE I AM. YOU HAVE THE MONEY AND NOW THAT WONDERFUL MACHINE IS MINE.

REMEMBER, YOU MUST KEEP THIS A SECRET. I DON'T WANT TO SELL MY OTHER MACHINE.



THE MACHINE IS STUCK. I MUST OPEN IT. IT REALLY PRINTS MONEY.

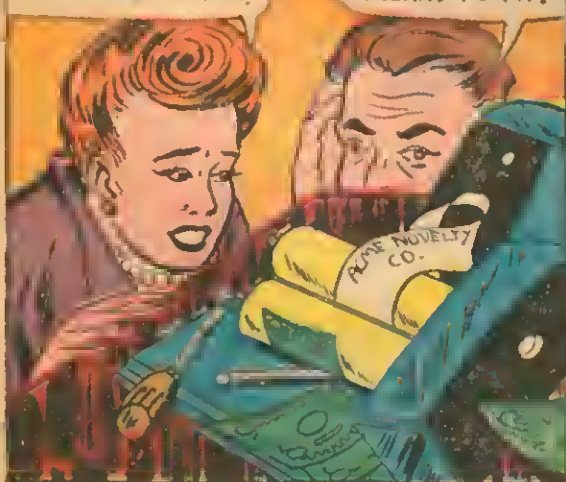
IS THIS SOME KIND OF MADNESS? A MACHINE THAT PRINTS MONEY? DID YOU BUY IT?



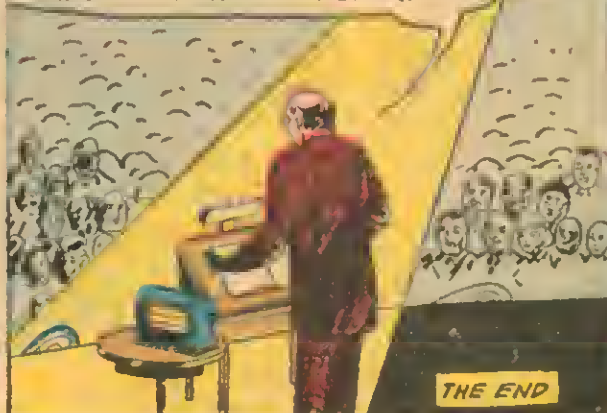
AND SO THE SUCKER BIT. A GREEDY MAN, YOU WILL ADMIT.

YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED. THIS IS ONLY A TOY.

AND I PAID FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT!



YES, IT WAS ONLY A TOY, AND IT COST \$8.50. YOU WILL OBSERVE THAT THE GREED OF THE VICTIM WAS A FACTOR IN HIS LOSS OF MONEY. HE ALSO TRIED TO CHEAT HIS GOVERNMENT. EVENTUALLY THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES ARRESTED MR. AND MRS. GORR.



THE END

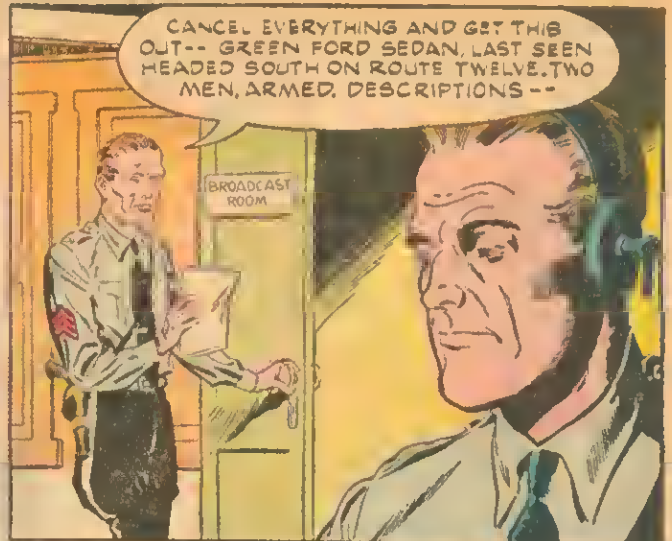
LAWBREAKERS

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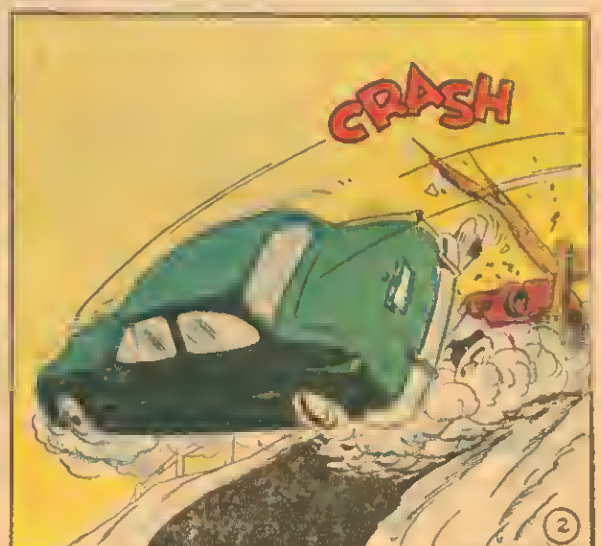
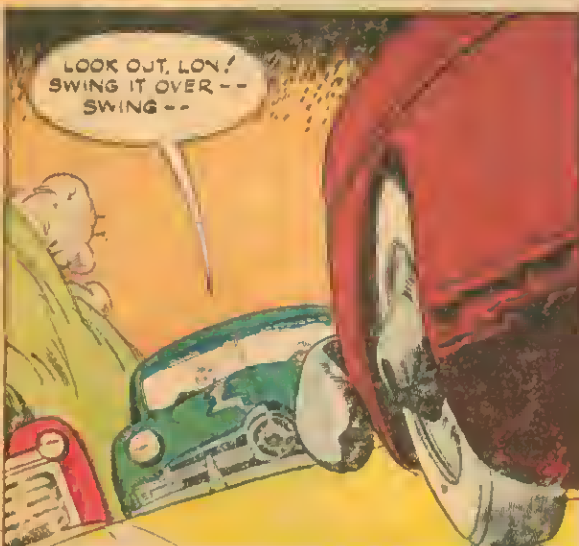
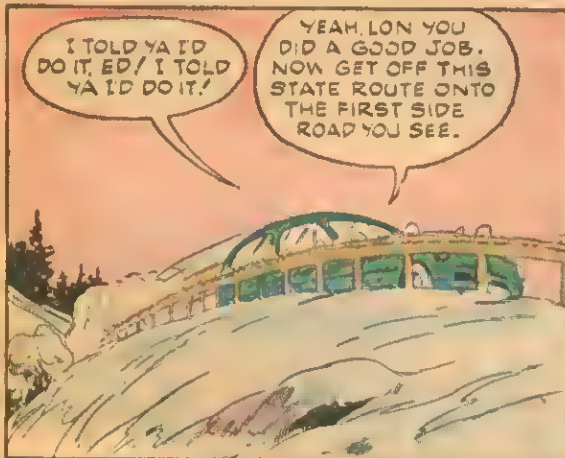
ON DECEMBER FIFTEENTH, EDWARD MACKAY WAS PUT UNDER ARREST FOR HIT AND RUN DRIVING. THE EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM WAS COMPLETE, AND CONVICTION SEEMED CERTAIN. THEREFORE THE SHERIFF OF JAMES COUNTY AND THE GRAND JURY SAW FIT TO LET THE CASE RIDE UNTIL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS, WHEN THERE WOULD BE PLENTY OF TIME TO BRING MACKAY TO TRIAL AND MAKE A PROPER EXAMPLE OF HIM. NOT SO WITH EDWARD'S BROTHER... LON MACKAY'S SLOW MIND ENTERTAINED BUT ONE THOUGHT-- THAT EDWARD MUST ESCAPE CUSTODY BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY. ON DECEMBER SEVENTEENTH LON SET A PLAN IN MOTION--



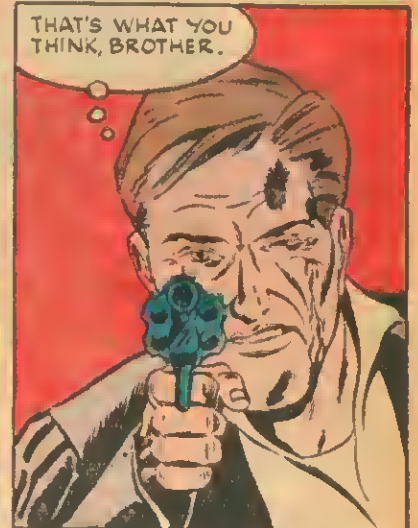
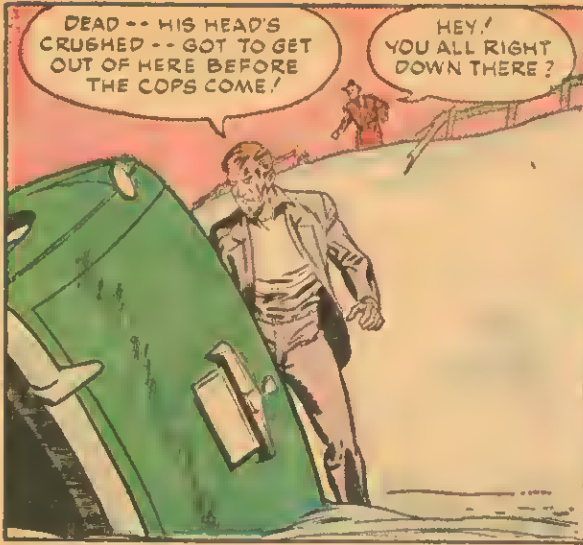
LAWBREAKERS



THE POLICE MOVED SWIFTLY, BUT LON AND ED MACKAY HAD A HEAD START, AND THEY USED IT FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH--



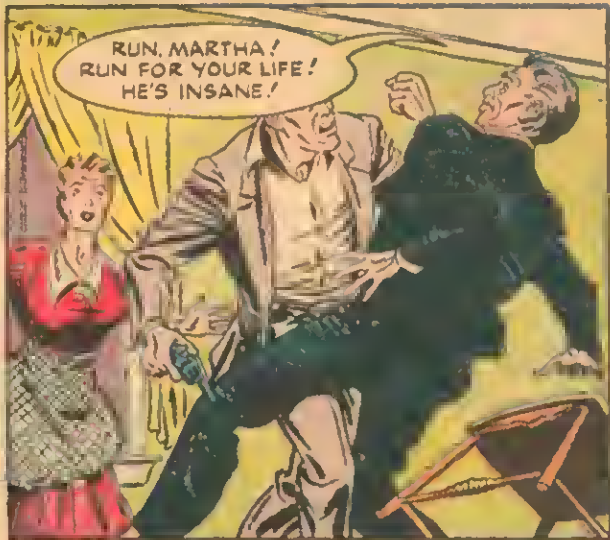
LAWBREAKERS



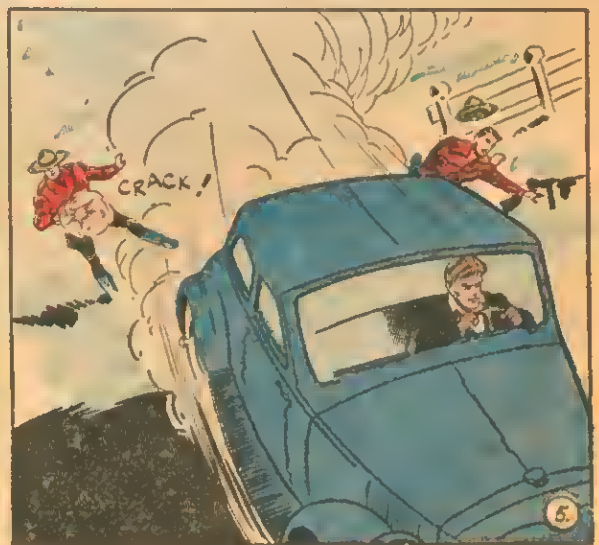
ALONE, AND ON FOOT, THE KILLER MADE HIS WAY TO THE STEWART FARM SEVERAL MILES FROM THE HIGHWAY IN AN ISOLATED SECTION OF JAMES COUNTY -- --



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS



LAWBREAKERS

MACKAY MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE FROM THE FARM, BY STAYING TO THE BACK ROADS AND WITH THE HELP OF A HEAVY SNOWSTORM, HE ARRIVED IN THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE ON DECEMBER EIGHTEENTH. THERE THE TRAIL ENDED, AND NO AMOUNT OF POLICE WORK COULD FERRET HIM OUT OF HIDING --

NO, SIR, I'VE SEEN NO ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE THAT IN HERE.



THE UNDERWORLD WAS CLEANED UP IN AN ALL-OUT EFFORT TO GET A LINE ON THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE THREE TIME KILLER --

HONEST, I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF HIM! I AIN'T SEEN H'M -- WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT, PICTURES?



THE TRAIL WAS COMPLETELY COLD BY DECEMBER TWENTY SECOND. THERE WAS NOTHING TO BE DONE NOW BUT KEEP UP A SHARP LOOK-OUT. THEN, ON CHRISTMAS EVE, THE CASE OPENED UP WIDE --

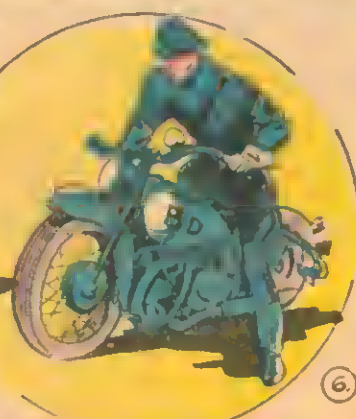
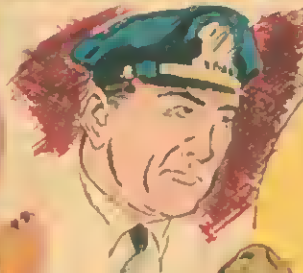
HAVE A MERRY CHRISTMAS BEN.

THANKS MR. ARNOLD. SAME TO --

STICK 'EM UP! BOTH OF YOU!



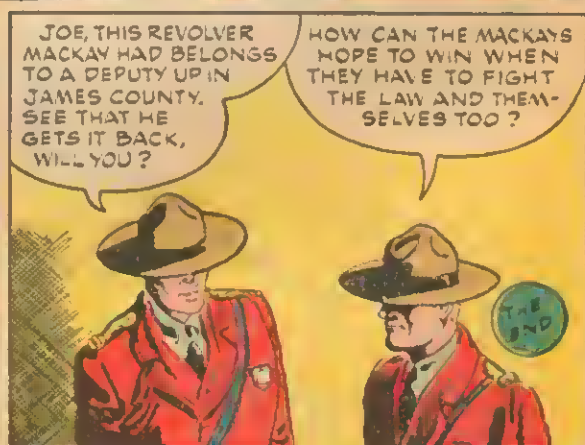
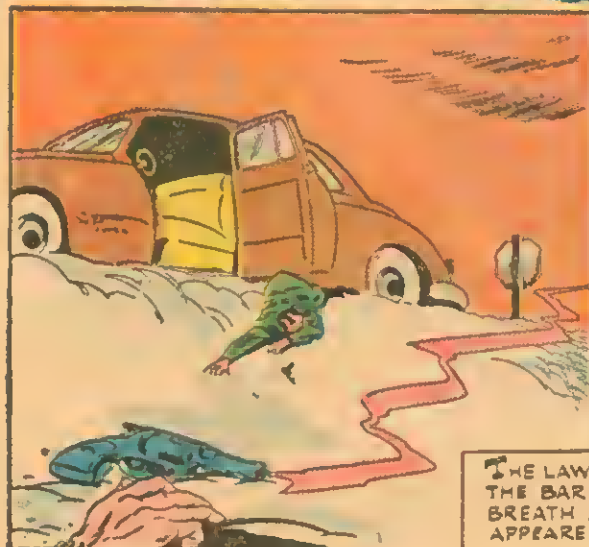
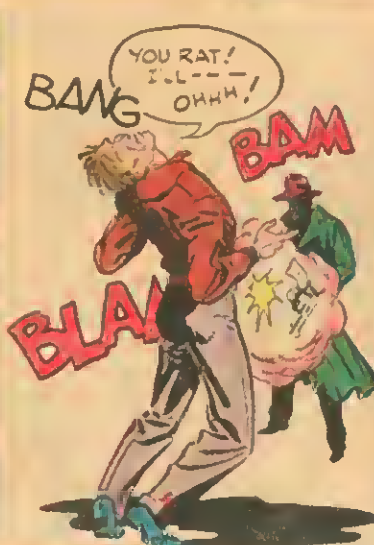
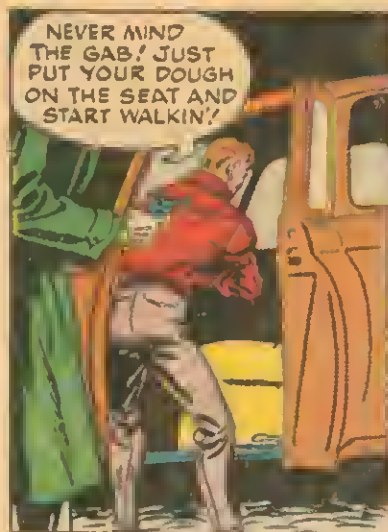
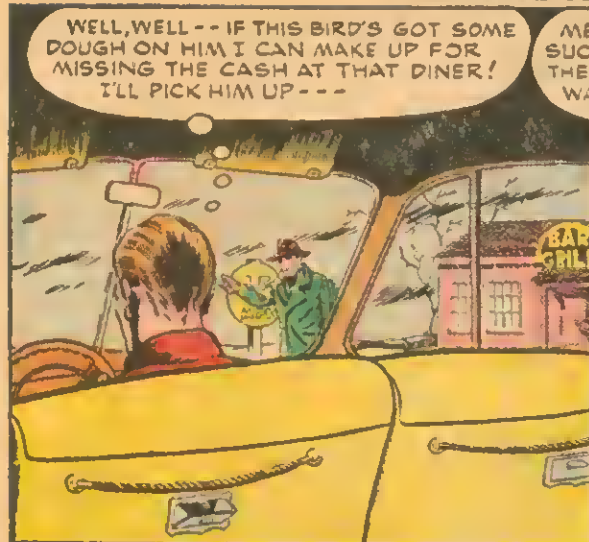
CITY AND STATE LAW SWUNG INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY -- BUT AGAIN MACKAY HAD A GOOD START AND A FAST CAR --



6

-- MACKAY LEFT MILWAUKEE ON ROUTE FORTY, AND HEADED TOWARD THE METROPOLITAN AREA OF CHICAGO'S NORTH SIDE.

LAWBREAKERS



HOW CAN THE MACKAYS HOPE TO WIN WHEN THEY HAVE TO FIGHT THE LAW AND THEMSELVES TOO?

THE LAW WOULD HAVE PREFERRED TO BRING MACKAY BEFORE THE BAR OF JUSTICE. HOWEVER, THE KILLER DREW HIS LAST BREATH AS THE COLD, GREY DAWN OF CHRISTMAS DAY APPEARED -- A VICTIM OF ONE OF HIS OWN KIND.

THE END

NOTES ON CRIME



ALCOHOL TAX UNIT INVESTIGATORS HAVE A HIGHER CASUALTY RATE THAN THE F.B.I. OR THE SECRET SERVICE.



IT'S SAFER TO DUCK SUSPECTED BOMBS IN GASOLINE THAN IN WATER... WATER IS A CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRIC CURRENT WHILE GASOLINE IS NOT!



MANY KILLERS COVER THEIR CRIME BY THROWING THEIR VICTIM INTO THE SEA, BUT WHAT MANY DON'T KNOW IS THAT IF A BODY IS DEAD BEFORE IT'S THROWN INTO THE WATER ITS LUNGS WILL NOT FILL UP WITH SALT WATER.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS



BUY THEM NOW AT YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND!

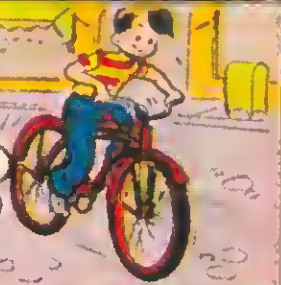
NEW JIMMY GOT HIS NEW BIKE!



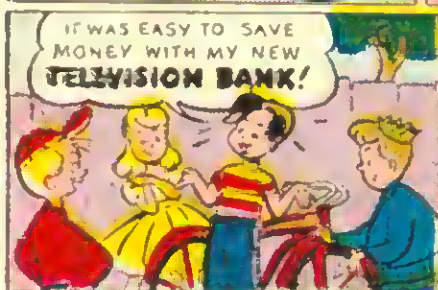
HEY, GANG, THERE'S JIMMY WITH THE NEW BIKE HE'D BEEN SAVING FOR!

WONDER HOW HE SAVED THE MONEY?

LET'S GO ASK HIM!



IT WAS EASY TO SAVE MONEY WITH MY NEW TELEVISION BANK!



WHEN RELATIVES, NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS VISITED, THEY ALL PUT COINS IN THE TELEVISION BANK TO SEE IT LIGHT UP!



IN JUST NO TIME, I SAVED ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THIS NIFTY BIKE!



HEY KIDS! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE'RE GOING TO SEND IN OUR COUPONS FOR A TELEVISION BANK!



LOTS OF FUN AND MONEY!

WITH THIS

TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!
LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
 - HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH FIGHTS AND ALL!
 - THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP EYES!
 - AND MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!
- ALL STEEL CONSTRUCTION

ONLY \$1.98

COMPLETE WITH BATTERY AND BULB!

GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU!
Bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying your wealth of savings!

GIRLS! DOLL HOUSE OWNERS! Nothing is so truly luxurious for your doll house. This beautiful new Television bank matches all styles of furniture. It makes an elegant addition to your doll's living room!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. CC3, 2 Allen St., New York 2, N. Y.

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay premium \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank 15 days for full refund of purchase price.

SEAGEE CO.,

Dept. CC3

2 Allen Street

New York 2, N. Y.

Name _____ (Please Print Plainly)

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same in nice bank guarantee.

BIGGEST ATTRACTION EVER!

Everyone will want to see this amazing new Television Bank! Your friends, relatives and neighbors come visiting in coins to see this sensational show!

LIGHTS UP THE INSTANT YOU DROP COIN!

Just insert a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into the slot on top. In a split second your spectacular Television Bank lights up—in a big BIG way! The screen leaps into dazzling life with the brightest, clearest pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!

After you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed show! Light goes out automatically as new picture appears. To light new picture, bank another coin. SIX exciting pictures—a fight, a hilarious cartoon, a tense rodeo scene, a swell figure skater, a dramatic dance team and a circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!

Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST with this marvelous new Television Bank! Everyone wants to see all six pictures—your savings grow and grow by leaps and bounds!

IT'S A HONEY IN EVERY DETAIL!

This sensational Television Bank is an exact miniature of the most expensive console models. Rich-looking mahogany finish with four simulated dials and speaker grille. 4 1/2" x 4" and ruggedly constructed. Will give you years of fun and big savings!